

10,000 VOLTS, SEVEN BLACK WIDOWS, ALL ADULTS
AND MY WIFE'S NEW RED PANTS

Saturday I killed seven black widows,
all adults, while cleaning out my garage.
They were hiding in the big box of baby toys.

It was therapeutic work. My hangover was
gone by dinner time. My wife had hurt her back
lifting boxes at work and that night when we
went to bed she laid on her belly and pulled
her panties halfway down and I rubbed
Ben-Gay on her tailbone. That was a first
for both of us.

Sunday we went to the planetarium where
they were demonstrating the Tesla coil. A
million volts of electricity surged from
the huge thing, four-foot long arms
of crackling, zapping energy arching
like lightning against the chamber walls.

We stood fifteen feet away behind glass
but the thing was so powerful there were
10,000 volts of electrical current in the air,
flowing over our bodies and into the earth.

The tour guide asked for a volunteer to grab
the end of a neon tube she held overhead
but the crowd was mostly poor Mexicans
and either they didn't understand English
or they didn't believe her when she said
that it was entirely harmless.

"You do it," urged my wife, so I did. I
reached up and grabbed it and the neon
tube glowed with 10,000 volts. How could
you beat that? Seven black widows and
10,000 volts and I didn't feel a thing.

Later that evening we split a bottle of
Cold Duck and I painted her fingernails
and her toenails with red polish. Then I
pinned up the cuffs of her new red jeans
and she looked so damn good in them
naturally I wanted her, but her back was
still painful, so she sacked out while I
stayed up and read a few pages in a
biography of the life of Henry Miller and
reflected on how it had been a
better than average weekend.